

*Othe.* Come: let vs to the Castle.  
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:  
The Turkes are drown'd.  
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?  
(Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,  
I haue found great loue among't them. Oh my Sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate  
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,  
Go to the Bay, and disembark my Coffers:  
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,  
He is a good one, and his worthynesse  
Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

*Exit Othello and Desdemona.*

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.  
Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men  
being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,  
more then is natue to them) list me; the Lieutenant to  
night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell  
thee this: *Desdemona*, is directly in loue with him.

*Rodo.* With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in-  
structed, Marke me with what violence she first lou'd  
the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical  
lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discret  
heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight  
shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood  
is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a  
game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.  
Louelinesse in fauour, simpaty in yeares, Manners,  
and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now  
for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate  
tenderneffe wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,  
gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil  
instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.  
Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vn-  
forc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of  
this Fortune, as *Cassio* do's: a knaue very voluble: no  
further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme  
of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse  
of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,  
why none: A slipper, and subtile knaue, a finder of occa-  
sion: that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Ad-  
uantages, though true Advantage neuer present it selfe.  
A diuellish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:  
and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene  
minde looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the  
woman hath found him already.

*Rodo.* I cannot beleue that in her, she's full of most  
blefs'd condition.

*Iago.* Blefs'd figges-end. The Wine she drinks is  
made of grapes. If shee had beene blefs'd, shee would  
neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Blefs'd pudding. Didst thou  
not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not  
marke that?

*Rodo.* Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.

*Iago.* Lecherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure  
prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.  
They met so nere with their lippes, that their breathes  
embrae'd together. Villanous thoughts *Roderigo*, when  
these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand  
comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate  
conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue  
brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for  
the Comrand, He lay't vpon you. *Cassio* knowes you  
not: He not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-

casione to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or  
tainting his discipline, or from what other course  
you please, which the time shall more fauorably mi-  
nister.

*Rodo.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and  
happely may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for  
euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.  
Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a-  
gaine, but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you  
haue a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I  
shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment  
most profitably removed, without the which there were  
no expectation of our prosperitie.

*Rodo.* I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-  
tunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the  
Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Fare-  
well.

*Rodo.* Adieu.

*Iago.* That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleue't: *Exit.*  
That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.  
The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)  
Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,  
And I dare thinke, he's proue to *Desdemona*  
A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,  
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peraduenture  
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)  
But partly led to dyet my Reuenge,  
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore  
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,  
Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inward:  
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule  
Till I am euen'd with him, wife, for wif.  
Or sayling so, yet that I put the Moore,  
At least into a Ielouzie so strong  
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,  
If this poore Traff of Venice, whom I trace  
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,  
He haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,  
Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe  
(For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too)  
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,  
For making him egregiously an Asse,  
And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,  
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,  
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.*

*Herald.* It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Vali-  
ant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings, now arriv'd,  
importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleet:  
every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to dance,  
some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and  
Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these bene-  
ficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So  
much was his pleasure should be proclaimed: All offi-  
ces are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this

present houre of siue, till the Bell haue told eleuen.  
Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othel-  
lo.* *Exit.*

*Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.*

*Othe.* Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night.  
Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop,  
Not to out-sport discretion.

*Cas.* *Iago*, hath direction what to do.  
But notwithstanding with my personall eye  
Will I looke to't.

*Othe.* *Iago*, is most honest:  
*Michael*, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,  
Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,  
The purchase made, the fruites are to eniue,  
That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you. *Exit.*  
Goodnight.

*Enter Iago.*

*Cas.* Welcome *Iago*: we must to the Watch.  
*Iago.* Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten  
o'clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus early for the  
loue of his *Desdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame;  
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and  
he is sport for *Ioue*.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite Lady.

*Iago.* And she warrant her, full of Game.

*Cas.* Indeed she's a most fresh, and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she ha's?

Metinckes it sounds a parley to prouocation.

*Cas.* An inuiting eye:

And yet me thinks right modest.

*Iago.* And when she speakes,

Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

*Cas.* She is indeed perfection.

*Iago.* Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieu-  
tenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a  
brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea-  
sure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

*Cas.* Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore,  
and unhappie Braines for drinking. I could well wish  
Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of enter-  
tainment.

*Iago.* Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, He  
dinke for you.

*Cassio.* I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that  
was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation  
it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and  
dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

*Iago.* What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-  
lants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

*Cas.* He do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him

With that which he hath drunke to night already,

He'll be as full of Quarrell, and offence

As my yong Mistress dogge.

Now my sicke Foole *Roderigo*,

Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd

Potations, portle-deepe; and he's to watch.

Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Sprites,

(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,

The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle)

Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,

And they Watch too.

Now 'mongst this Flock  
Am I put to our *Cassio* in  
That may offend the Isle

*Enter Cassio, A*

If Consequence do but  
My Boate failes freely,  
*Cas.* Fore heauen, the  
*Mon.* Good-faith a  
Souldier.

*Iago.* Some Wine he  
And let me the Cannan  
And let me the Cannan  
A Souldiers man: O  
Why then let a Souldier  
Some Wine Boyes.

*Cas.* Fore Heauen:

*Iago.* I learn'd it in

most potent in Potting  
and your swag-belly'd  
nothing to your English  
*Cassio.* Is your Eng  
king?

*Iago.* Why, he drink  
dead drunke. He swea  
maine. He giues your  
Pottle can be fill'd.

*Cas.* To the health of

*Mon.* I am for it Li

*Iago.* Oh sweet Eng

King Stephen was an

His Breeches cost him

He held them Six pen

With that he call'd the

He was a wight of big

And thou art but of

'Tis Pride that pulls the

And take thy awl'd C

Some Wine hee.

*Cassio.* Why this is

ther.

*Iago.* Will you hea

*Cas.* No: for I hold

that do's those things

there be foules must be

not be faued.

*Iago.* It's true, goo

*Cas.* For mine own

nor any man of qualiti

*Iago.* And so do I to

*Cassio.* I: (but by y

Lieutenant is to be fau

no more of this: let's

sinnes: Gentlemen let

thinke Gentlemen, I a

is my right hand, and

now: I can stand well

*Cent.* Excellent we

*Cas.* Why very we

that I am drunke.

*Monta.* To th' Plat

Watch.

*Iago.* You see this

He's a Souldier, fit to

And giue direction, A

'Tis to his vertue, a iust